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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries; interspersed with some particulars respecting the Author. By William Godwin. 8vo. Wilson. *(Unpublished.)*

THE BALLOT.

The ground of our answer to Mr Godwin is this;—that he argues the question as if it were one of peace instead of contest,—of choice and the love of cunning, instead of avowed necessity, and compelled, long-taught precaution. He pre-supposes a different state of things from that under which the Ballot is demanded; reasons as if the rich were as willing and able to receive a just moral conviction, as the poor to give it; and leaving out of the question the vice and misery occasioned by the present system of voting, assumes, that the right of secrecy must generate a world of lying, and leave the community worse in that respect than they have been made by all those mercenary and corrupt habits, which it is the object of the Ballot to do away.

It should seem, observes Mr Godwin, that there is a short answer to all which can be said against the Ballot. 'It is in vain to expatiate to us upon the mischiefs of lying, hypocrisy, and concealment, since it is only through them, as the way by which we are to march, that the nations are to be made free. This certainly is a fearful judgment awarded upon our species: but is it true? We are to begin, it seems, with concealing from our landlord or our opulent neighbour our political determinations; and so his corrupt influence will be broken, and the humblest individual will be safe in doing that, which his honest and unbiassed feelings will prompt him to do. No,' exclaims our author, 'this is not the way in which the enemy of the souls of men is to be defeated. We must not begin with a confession of our faint-heartedness and our cowardice.'

Now here we make our first stand against Mr Godwin's arguments; and we say, that we *must* make such a confession, *if what we confess be true.* Mr Godwin is for beginning with truth the second, instead of truth the first; and this it is which destroys his whole reasoning. The public do undoubtedly make a confession of *comparative weakness* in demanding the Ballot,—a confession of faint-heartedness and cowardice, if Mr Godwin so pleases; but such confessions are not apt to be made for a dishonourable purpose, while the avower is preparing for battle, and preparing for it with the very purpose of ultimately doing away his wants and infirmities. *The community want armour, and they say so.* The rich, the few, are well armed in power, and possession, and scorn, and habit, and precedent, and authority, and ignorance of their real interests, and contempt of those of the poor. The poor are naked, and feel that they fight at a disadvantage. They are afraid even of the bribery that may induce them to accept a little food and clothing at the expense of their nobler wants; and they say, 'No, we are now alive to the latter, which include all the rest; and we will begin by putting ourselves in a state to settle the dispute for ever. We will have the armour of secrecy, against all that armour of the rich: and when we say that we will have it, we begin the contest with a fairness, which shows in how just a spirit we make war, and how little we care for the vulgar ends of it.' Mr Godwin says, that 'it is not in morals, as in war,' when 'stratagem is allowable.' But not to repeat that the stratagem (if it is so to be called) is here avowed, the present case is a case both of morals *and* war; nor must it be concealed, that there is a good deal of demoralization on both sides; only the rich deny their's, while they secretly laugh at morals; and the poor have learnt the bitter wisdom of knowing how to lament their's, and are anxious to put an end to its consequences. Are they to do this by depriving themselves of their only resource, and walking up naked to the ranks of their enemies?

'Yes,' says Mr Godwin: 'a quiet, sober, unaltered frame of judgment, that insults no one, that has in it nothing violent, brutal, and defying, is the grace that becomes us. If I would teach another man, my superior in rank, how he ought to construe and decide upon the conduct I hold, I must begin by making that conduct explicit.' Well; this is the very thing we do. We only begin at the very beginning of explicitness, instead of pretending that we have nothing more to unfold.

'The question,' continues our author, 'is of reducing the higher ranks of society to admit the just immunities of their inferiors. I will not allow that they shall be cheated into it. No: no man was ever yet recovered to his senses in a question of morals, but by plain, honest, soul-commanding speech. Truth is omnipotent, if we do not violate its majesty by surrendering its outworks, and giving up that vantage-ground, of which if we deprive it, it ceases to be truth. It finds a responsive chord in every human bosom. Whoever hears its voice, at the same time recognises its power. However corrupt he may be, however steeped in the habits of vice, and hardened in the practices of tyranny, if it be mildly, distinctly, emphatically enunciated, the colour will forsake his cheek, his speech will alter and be broken, and he will feel himself unable to turn it off lightly, as a thing of no impression and validity. In this way the erroneous man, the man nursed in the house of luxury, a stranger to the genuine, unvarnished state of things, stands a fair chance of being corrected.'

As well might he say, that a poor half-naked Peruvian might have stepped out of the ranks of his countrymen during the Spanish invasion, and argued the matter with the ignorant and insulting band of Pizarro, who took themselves for gods.

Mr Godwin admits this arrogance in the succeeding paragraph, almost to the very same extent; and yet at the same argues as if the poor had the whole question placidly and peacefully in their hands.

'But,' says he, in continuation of the above remarks, 'if an opposite, and a truer way of thinking than that to which he is accustomed, is only brought to his observation by the reserve of him who entertains it, and who, while he entertains it, is reluctant to hold communication with his wealthier neighbour, who regards him as his adversary, *and hardly admits him to be of the same common nature*, there will be no general improvement. Under this discipline, the two ranks of society will be perpetually more estranged, view each other with eye askance, and be as two separate and hostile states, though inhabiting the same territory.'

As well might it be argued that any other battle if once entered upon, would never be terminated. The contest at present existing between the aristocracy and the people, (for nobody but our philosopher in his closet—and we use the word in all respectfulness—assumes for a moment that there is no contest) is, whether the aristocracy shall retain their enormous inequality of power, or whether the people shall not gain the portion belonging to them, in consequence of the new impulse given to their cause by the diffusion of knowledge and the late events in Paris. The aristocracy are not only unwilling to concede an inch, but from long sophistry and bad habit are unable to see the propriety of doing so; and were their opponents voluntarily to lay aside their new armour, and content themselves with discussing the question, the others would seize them and lock them under seven-fold chains. We grant that this state of things would not last: the progress of knowledge in any other part of the world would not allow it; the very measures now opposed by Mr Godwin would re-assert themselves, and make their way, precisely because they are of the first necessity, and because a bitter war upon one side, or an unjust exercise of power amounting to violence, can only be terminated by having recourse to the means of warfare upon the other. We give in to no cant about "natural enemies." We believe that there is no natural want of goodness in any class of society, but that all errors, whether of rich or poor, arise from circumstances, and are removeable by time and knowledge. We have often said so. But the people cannot pick and choose every mode of the removal during its progress. Mr Godwin says, that "a few more such examples" as those furnished by the silly Duke of Newcastle would do away with such enormities altogether. Granted: and a hundred more martyrdoms of individuals, and two hundred years more of bribery, corruption, intoxication, and all sorts of lying might possibly bring men round, by some point or other, to a general disgust at the want of a better state of things. But if knowledge

is to do away the abuses in the meanwhile, it will go by the steps it is now taking, and not by supposing it possible for all the voters and pot-wallopers and miserable poor of the country, to become of themselves an argumentative self-sacrifice.

'The great end,' says Mr Godwin, 'of all liberal institutions, is to make a man fearless, frank as the day, acting from a lively and earnest impulse which will not be restrained, disdains all half-measures, and prompts us, as it were, to carry our hearts in our hands, for all men to challenge, and all men to comment on. It is true, (he continues) the devisers of liberal institutions will have foremost in their thoughts, how men shall be secure in their personal liberty, unrestrained in the execution of what their thoughts prompt them to do, and uncontrolled in the administration of the fruits of their industry. But the moral end of all is, that a man shall be worthy of the name, erect, independent of mind, spontaneous of decision, intrepid, overflowing with all good feelings, and open in the expression of the sentiments they inspire.'

Good; such is the *end;* but what are the means? The argument comes round in a circle. The means with Mr Godwin may be this frankness and fearlessness that he speaks of, this lively and earnest impulse, always disdaining half measures, and going up to the hustings openly to give its vote, independent of mind, and spontaneous of decision. This may be the means with a philosopher: though philosophers themselves have hung back in such cases for many years. It may be the means with a scholar: though it is not common at Oxford. It may, and ought to be, and sometimes is, with a solitary martyr to liberty, who gets persecuted for it half his life, and perhaps sneered at by the philosophers. But these martyrs themselves are the result of circumstances; and though they may think themselves bound to undergo their pains, and even to hazard the worldly good of their connexions, what right have they to expect that all the shopkeepers and suffering fathers in England should go to the same lengths, and not be allowed to adopt certain excellent half measures? Why must they must needs thrust in their teeth their scholarly virtues, and be angry that the best end is not obtained, and deferred, by the very best means? Mr Godwin speaks of "proud attitudes" of liberty, to which true men are "eager to aspire." But there is a little too much of this glorification of good things in his essays; and too great a forgetfulness of such things as do, and ought to reduce merit, as well as happiness, to a greater degree of equality. The object of true lovers of freedom is not to get at proud attitudes, but happy and healthy minds; and lovers of truth as we confess ourselves to be, to an extent which we can neither regret in ourselves, nor insist upon in others, and which we can trace as much to circumstances as anything in the character of another, we can see nothing else in the secrecy of the ballot than the ultimate downfall of corruption, and of the lying, because mercenary vices, which corruption maintains. Mr Godwin fears for the answers that will be made, when men are asked for whom they voted. No doubt there will be paltering here and there. How much is there not already? And what a mass of lying and worldliness, or of any other vice which he thinks convenient to him, is not that man prepared to be guilty of, who returns to his shop from a profligate vote on the hustings, which is notoriously against his conscience, but which he dared not give to another, because he could not openly say that his soul was his own? Mr Godwin tells us that he should say it openly: and it is very easy in Mr Godwin to say this. Perhaps it will be very easy in the community to say it a hundred years hence, *when the ballot has obtained its end, and all classes are more honest.* In the mean time, we do not believe that the majority will of necessity lie, because they are secret on this one point. We grant, that the more truth-loving a man is, the less tendency he has to be secret: yet nothing is more certain, than that the most conscientious lovers of truth are those who can keep a secret the best. And the reason is obvious: they are conscientious in this matter, because they are conscientious in the rest. But they can do it without paltering. Our author, in one part of his essays, remarks, that a man can know nothing of others, which is not derived from a knowledge of himself. Does he mean us to infer from what he has said on the ballot, that if he himself were asked what vote he had given, he should wince, and hum and haw, and tend to betray his secret? If this be the case, we have a right to speak from our own experience; and we can safely say, that nothing would get the secret out of us,—not four horses pulling four ways,—or as many special attornies. In the first place, it would be understood, we presume, all over the country, that such questions would not only be impertinences, but violations of the common expediencies and comfort of all: and if this were not the case, we suppose that a blabber on the subject would be held in the same contempt as a spy or a common informer. Men may tacitly agree to have what secret they please. It is the case already with certain family matters: the regulations of a man's household, his income, &c. And why should not this be added to the rest? If a man were to ask us what vote we had given, (unless we had previously intimated that we should proceed after our usual fashion of explicitness upon that matter as upon others), we should look upon it to be as great a piece of impertinence as if he asked us what income our wife brought us, or what was the secret of our daughter's heart. We should say that it was a secret we kept to ourselves, and our manner would shew that it would be idle to press it further. But would this warrant the questioner in concluding that we had injured our love of truth by keeping the secret? or would the Lord of the Manor have hopes that we should give into all sorts of lying? Would it injure our general frankness? Frankness implies a just freedom of any sort; and a man may be as frank in saying that he has a secret on one particular point, as in shewing that he dislikes secrecy in general. We think, for our parts, the world would be wiser and happier if it had no secrets at all; but it will not get the sooner at this state of beatitude, by waiving the power to enforce a greater degree of honesty.

The Freemasons have a secret. Are they reckoned the less good fellows for that? or have they not a greater reputation than most men for good fellowship, and the wish to advance it?

Are the Americans less patriotic than we for having enjoyed the ballot? Is their government worse? or is an inhabitant of Philadelphia less prepared to give one answer to all the world? In point of fact, are there any of those perplexities in America, between man and man, respecting the ballot, which our author fancies will take place in England?

And France, glorious France,—are there any such perplexities with her? Are the French people less lively, and good-humoured, and obliging, and sensible, and truth-telling, because they enjoy the ballot? Or did the Parisians, the other day, on account of this frightful Jack-in-the-box, omit to shew themselves in the frankest, and noblest, and most surprising light, to all the world; so that the hopes of man have been renewed, and the lovers of truth and liberty are almost content to let the world roll on as it pleases, secure that nothing can turn it back from its brighter prospect.

Virtue itself may be too nicely enquired into, if superfluous demands of it be set up. The point at present in request is, that the people should get into their hands a power which the aristocracy are anxious to keep out of it, and which, the worse and more tyrannical they are, increases the anxiety in proportion. This alone ought to show the conscientious opposers of the ballot, that virtue need fear nothing from an institution, which vice is so eager to prevent.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR TATLER,—In your description of the *Months* in the 'Literary Pocket Book,' you have quoted a verse upon one of the four Seasons, adding,—"Thus sings the oldest English song extant, in a measure which is its own music." In endeavouring to complete the cycle in the quaint spirit of the original, I have not the vanity to suppose that your readers will not detect the new pieces which have been added to the fine old garment.

Your cordial well-wisher,

27th January 1831. ARVICOLA.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

Springé is yeomen in—
Dappled lark singe;
Snowe melteth,
Runnell pelteth,
Smelleth newe buddinge.

Summer is yeomen in—
Loude singe cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
Bloweth meade,
And springeth the weede newe

Autumn is yeomen in—
Ceres, fill horne;
Reaper swinketh,
Farmer drinketh,
Creaketh waine with corne.

Winter is yeomen in—
With stormie sad cheere;
By the paddock,
Whistle Ruddock,
Spark in the ded yeare.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"I suppose." said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a fool."—"Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

ANTIQUITY OF BIRTH.—Francis the first having heard some speeches of Duchatel which had much pleased him, was curious to know whether he was a gentleman by birth. Duchatel answered: "I really do not know from which of the three who were in Noah's ark I am descended."

MONTAIGNE'S STYLE.—Balzac said of Montaigne:—"He is a guide who takes us out of our way, but who brings us into more agreeable countries than he promises."

—Garrick, wishing Sir Joshua Reynolds to make one of a party to dine at Hampstead, and finding some difficulty in persuading him, said, "Come say yes, and you shall chuse your dinner; and that is a privilege I would not grant to every one with such an insatiable, never-resting *pallette* as yours."

—Those that have loved longest love best; a sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished; but that fondness which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those who have lived long together, every thing heard, and everything seen, recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel, or some friendly endearment.—*Dr Johnson.*

VOLTAIRIANA.—Men of wit often endeavour to give point to their sayings by an infusion of paradox. The following instances are reported of Voltaire. On its being observed in depreciation of the merit of Virgil that he was so much indebted for his finest passages to the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer that he might be said to owe to the latter his poetical existence,—Voltaire replied—"If Homer made Virgil, it is his greatest work."—Delille's *translation* of Virgil's Georgics is estimated very highly for its spirit and elegance. Voltaire said of it, that it was the most *original* poem in the French language. This wit seems to have been but imperfectly sensible of the merits of Dante. Hence, making no allowance for the effects of time in diminishing the vividness of allusions to contemporaries and their circumstances, he said, that Dante owed half his fame to his obscurity. F. F.

THE THREE ESTATES OF AUTHORSHIP.—Godeau (a French author of the 17th century), used to say, that the Paradise of an author was when he composed his works; that his Purgatory was when he revised and retouched them; but that his Hell was when he corrected the proofs of the printer. [Godeau might have gone *deeper* into his subject if he had occasionally let the proofs go uncorrected, and deferred reading his works until they were in the hands of the general reader, whose sensations he might have fancied and partaken, as he encountered now and then some astounding blunder.] F. F.

MEDICINAL EFFECTS OF LAUGHTER.—Laughter has ever dissipated disease and preserved life, by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that Erasmus laughed so heartily at the satire by Reuchlin and Von Hutten, that he broke an imposthume, and recovered his health. In a singular treatise on laughter, Joubert gives two similar instances. A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room, jumping up, discovered the goblet, and having tasted, made a horrible grimace. Again putting his tongue to it, he perceived some sweetness of the disclosed manna, while the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found it such a nauseous potion, that after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he grinded his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health.

A MAHOMETAN TRADITION.—During a holy war which was carried on in the happy time of the apostle of God, (on whom be peace!) a certain valiant champion of the enemy's army came out to offer single combat, and demanded that the glorious Ali should be opposed to him. Ali, well pleasing to God, having received the command of the Apostle, girded on his sword only, and immediately went forth alone to the place appointed for the combat. When the friend of the Most High met the infidel, he thus addressed him:—"I come on foot, having one sword; why come you out on horseback, having two swords and two bows? Let those things be so;—but I come out alone to give battle on our side, why do you bring another man, and come both together?" The infidel, at this question, looked behind him, believing that another man had followed him, when, at the same instant, the great Ali, in the twinkling of an eye, made the vile head of the reprobate fly off. The death of the said wicked person having been a source of joy to the followers of Islam, the excellent Alli, meeting the great prophet on his return, related to him the admirable stratagem by means of which he had slain that wretch. This holy tradition has been vouchsafed unto us.—*From the Turkish. See Wilkinson's Wallachia, &c.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Othello.—Charles the Twelth.
COVENT GARDEN.—Much Ado About Nothing.—Married Lovers.—The Omnibus.

WE saw Mr KEAN last night in *Othello*, and regret to say that we saw a difference from old times, which we had not discovered in his *Richard*. The reason is, we suppose, that *Othello* is a much finer character than *Richard*, and demands a greater amount of thought and feeling; and Mr KEAN, whether from exhaustion, or immediate languor, or whatever other cause, may have been content to give it no greater attention. But certain it is, that it was not the *Othello* of old. There was more of that undulating, careless style of delivery, which we used to observe in his performance of characters that did not excite him; a speech, begun finely, would end poorly (which looks as if physical weakness was more concerned in it, than any other falling off); but what we missed more than all, was the famous passage—

"Had it pleased heav'n
To try me with affliction," &c.

which in Mr KEAN's mouth used to be the finest passage in the finest performance on the stage. We remember his standing apart, when he delivered it, alone, absorbed, as if he was left desolate, and then his voice rose with calm misery as though he had the tears in his eyes, and so he continued for several lines. Last night he neither commenced in this style, nor resumed it. It was a speech that others might have made. We thought of the exquisite delivery of old, and felt grateful, and sorry. We wish to speak on this occasion with every respect of Mr KEAN, both on account of the genius and sensibility which must have produced such performances as his, and because we understand he bears himself among his brother actors with a generosity and companionship worthy of his genius. No man after all could give us such an *Othello* as his is still. The delivery of another famous speech—

"O now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind,"

was as beautiful as ever; perhaps had a still more touching melancholy. His repeated fare-wells, with the division of the syllables strongly marked,—

"Fare-well the tranquil mind! fare-well content!
Fare-well the plumed troop, &c."

were spoken in long, lingering tones, like the sound of a parting knell. The whole passage would have formed an admirable study for a young actor, in shewing him the beauty of sacrificing verbal painting to a pervading sentiment. It was right to give emphasis to the word Fare-well,—because the speaker is taking leave of all his felicities, and has the strongest sense of doing so: but Mr KEAN gave no vulgar importance to "the plumed troop" and the "big wars," as common-place actors do; because the melancholy overcomes all: it merges the particular images into one mass of regret.

Miss PHILLIPS's style of acting and personal manner have more of *womanhood* in them, than those of any other of our tragic actresses: nor do we think that any other *Desdemona*, on that account, would equal hers. She obtained great applause last night, when she fell on her knees, and protested that she had never been unfaithful. The point was well given: yet we preferred her gentler passages, and the natural way in which she wept her astonishment, and tried to laugh it away and to reassure herself, when she first becomes sensible of a change in her husband.

This character of *Desdemona* is one of the loveliest ever conceived. She has the heart of a child with all the feelings of a woman. She is generous, painstaking, patient, pleasurable, unweeting of ill. Her ruin comes of her goodness. Some gross commentators have delighted, by *Iago's* help, to discover that she was more sensitive than she need be, or at least not less so than the liveliest of her sex. Why should she be, if she was good and warm-hearted? She fell in love with *Othello* for his mind and soul first, and for all which he had gone through. True sympathy was the ground of her passion. If upon this, all the rest of her being followed, and we are to suppose that her love was a world of pleasure as well as pride to her, it only shews that she was in every respect the woman she ought to have been,—as perfect in body as in heart. Grossness is when there is no heart at all; and no just passion.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

KING RICHARD III.

[By Shakspeare].

Elizabeth, Queen of Edward the Fourth, Mrs FAUCIT.
Lady Anne, Miss FAUCIT. Duchess of York, Mrs WEBSTER.
King Henry. Mr YOUNGE. Prince of Wales, Miss CHIKINI.
Duke of York, Miss POOLE. Duke of Norfolk, Mr THOMPSON.
Duke of Glo'ster, Mr KEAN.
Earl of Oxford, Mr HOWARD. Lord Stanley, Mr HAMMERTON.
Duke of Buckingham, Mr COOPER. Earl of Richmond, Mr WALLACK.
Lord Mayor, Mr ANDREWS. Sir Robert Brackenbury, Mr YARNOLD.
Sir William Catesby, Mr COOKE. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Mr CATHIE.
Sir Walter Blunt, Mr EATON. Tressel, Mr J. VINING. Tyrrel, Mr HONNER.

Previous to the Tragedy, Second time in this Country, G. A. Schneider's Overture to "Richard the Third."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. Barrymore.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses Barnett and Baseke. Harlequin, Mr Howell,
Pantaloon, Mr T. Blanchard, Clowns, Messrs Southby and E. J. Parsloe.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr Stanfield.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, (By Command of their Majesties) The School for Scandle; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

FAZIO.

[By Mr Milman.]

Marchesa Aldabella, Miss TAYLOR, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr HENRY, Falsetto, Mr PARRY, Gonsalvo, Mr BAKER.

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture, by F. Kuhlau.
Previous to the 'Married Lovers,' an Overture by J. N. Hummel.
Previous to 'Comrades and Friends,' Nicolo's Overture to "La Ruse Inutile,"

After which, a New Petite Comedy, called

MARRIED LOVERS.

[By Mr Power.]

The Songs composed by Mr Barnett.

Duchess D'Orleans, Miss Lawrence. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss Taylor.
Lady Ascot, Mrs Chatterley. Annette, Miss Phillips.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr Abbott. Marquis de Meneville, Mr Bartley.
Sir John Ascot, Mr Warde. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr Power. Pierre, Mr Irwin.
Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with a New Drama, in Two Acts, to be called

COMRADES AND FRIENDS; OR, LIFE FOR LIFE.

[The Music selected and arranged by Mr G. Stansbury.]

Madame Derville, Mrs Chatterley, Madame Bertrand, Mrs Vining,
Nina, Miss Kendall, Eliza, Miss E. Kendall, Laurette, Miss Taylor.
Roland Duroc, } Sergeants of a French Regiment, } Mr Warde,
Charles Valcour, } } Mr Abbott,
Morazzi (the Adjutant), Mr G. Bennett,
Henry (Commander of the Packet), Mr Duruset, La Mouche, Mr Turnour,
Dumont (Lieutenant of the Regiment), Mr Henry,
Adolphus (Son of Madame Derville), Miss Hunt, Joseph, Mr Fuller,
Valentine (an old Domestic) Mr Barnes, Paul, Mr Addison.
In Act II. A Dance of Peasantry.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and Married Lovers.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Théâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Théâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Théâtre des Variétés.

Fifth appearance of Mons. Bouffé, and First of Mademoiselle Jamin.
On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par la Première Représentation de

JEUNE ET VIEILLE.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Actes, de MM. Scribe, Melesville et Bayard.
Mlle. JAMIN remplire les Rôles de Rose, et de Madame Guichard.
Madame Beauménil, Mme. PREVAL. Angélique, Amie de Rose, Mlle. St. ANGE.
Emélie, Pupille de Guichard, Mademoiselle FLORVAL.
Nanette, Servante, Madame GAMARD.
Augustin, Fils de M. et Madame Guichard, Mlle. ELIZA.
M. Guichard, M. GAMARD. Brémont, M. LAPORTE.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de

ANDRE, LE CHANSONNIER, OU, LE PROSCRIT.

Drame en Deux Actes, Melé de Muzique, par MM. Fontan et C. Desnoyer.
Mademoiselle Jamin celui de Louise.
Emilie de Solange, Mlle. Florval. Thérèse, Mère d'André, Mme. Baudin.
Cyprien, Officier de Cavalerie, M. Derval.
La Salle, Représentant du Peuple, M. Cloup. Thomas, Paysan, M. Guenée.
Bernard, Père d'André et Concierge du Chateau de Soulanges, M. Préval.
Robert et Philippe, Soldats, MM. Arnaud et Granville.

On Finira par la Seconde Représentation de

QUONIAM.

Vaudeville Nouveau, en Deux Actes, de MM. Jadin et Laurent.
Hélène, Femme de Quoniam, Mlle. Florval. Ursule, sa Cousine, Mlle. St. Ange.
M. Bouffé remplira le Rôle de Quoniam, Cuisinier, (his original character).
Lambert, son Intendant, M. Préval.
Le Duc de Richelieu sous le nom de François au Premier Acte, M. Alfred.
Le Marquis, le Chevalier, Amis du Duc, MM. Paulin et Cloup.
Laroche, Valet de Chamber, M. Guenée. Un Cuisinier, M. Arnaud.
Sergent du Gué M. Granville.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr Buckstone.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—Winter.

Alice, Mrs Yates. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly.
Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone. Miles Barnard, Mr Yates.
Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings. Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. Reeve.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—Summer.

The Characters as in Act I.

To conclude with the Comic Burletta of

FREAKS AND FOLLIES.

Ellen, Miss Daly. Sir William Franklin, Mr Downe. Doctor Growl, Mr Bayne.
Mr Franklin, Mr Hemmings. Tom Trippit.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Original Comic Burletta, in One Act, to be called

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

The Characters by Miss FITZWALTER, Miss PINCOTT, Miss KABREY,
Mr FREDERICKS, Mr COLLIER, Mr COOPER, Mr WORREL, Mr PAGET,
Mr COOK, Mr BROWN, and Mr COATES.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. Bayly, Esq.]

The Overture and Two of the Songs, by Mr S. Nelson.

Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. Dance.]

The Characters as before.

To conclude with, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of Colman's, by Mr Planché and Mr C. Dance.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN,
Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER,
Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS,
Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"S W I N G."

[By J. Alfred and C. Z. Barnett.]

Principal Characters by Miss Vincent, Miss Rumens, Mr Vale, Mr C. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Williams, Mr Rogers, Mr Gough, Mr Asbury, Messrs. Young, &c.

To conclude with a Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, (in Two Acts) entitled

THE FEMALE MASSARONI.

Principal Characters by Miss M. C. Poole, Miss Vincent, Miss Somerville,
Mlle. Rosier. Mr C. Hill, Mr D. Pitt, Mr Gough, Mr Vale, and Mr Rogers.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

Principal Characters by Mrs HUMBY, and Mr J. RUSSELL,

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.

The Characters by Mrs Glover, Miss Wells, Miss Ayres, and Mr Forrester.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From Gay's Serenata. With Handel's Music, arranged by Mr C. Potter.
Principal Characters by Miss Vernon, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Humby, Mr Bennett.
Mr J. Russell, Mr Spencer, Mr G. Smith, Mr Munroe,
Mr G. Lejune, and Mr E. Seguin.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.

The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria.
In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to "Figaro," and Winter's Overture to "Il Ratto di Proserpina."

To conclude with A New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

T A C T.

[By M. Barnett.]

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.

The Characters by Miss Stohwasser, Mrs Humby, Mr J. Russell, Mr Forrester, Mr Green, Mr Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, and Mr J. Conquest.

Coburg Theatre.—De L'Orme—A Day at an Inn,—The Black Forest.]

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—The Wreck—A Divertissement—The Farmer.

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